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RICHMOND COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

EDITORIAL STAFF

EDITORIALS.

Foreword.

It is with sorrow and a feeling of great loss that we announce that the editor-in-chief will not be in College this year. The task of editing the present issue has been assumed by the assistant editor.

But the loss by THE MESSENGER of its editor is only one instance of the many losses suffered by the different student activities and organizations occasioned by the war. The president of the Student Council, the editor-in-chief of THE SPIDER, and the captains of baseball and basketball are

other instances of the loss of leaders and the necessity of their work being assumed by other men. While we regret their loss from our ranks, we are proud to give them into the service of our country, and we glory in their bravery. We would bespeak the heartiest and fullest co-operation for those who assume their duties and responsibilities.

Stirring Times.

Richmond College opens her doors this fall in a period most auspicious for our national life and destiny. The times are fraught with precious and important matters. Our nation is entering whole-heartedly, deliberately and intensely into a struggle upon whose outcome depends the very life and liberty of those peoples who hold dear freedom and independence of action, as well as national integrity.

War, grim, serious war, has changed for a time the whole trend of our national life. Our entire resources are surveyed and estimated with a view to their military value, the industrial forces of the land are organized for war, and men are of necessity taken from civil life to be made into fighters. Our shipyards are working in double and triple shifts turning out floating fortresses and ships of death, airplane factories have come into being and are busily building these swift cruisers of the heavens, munition factories are rushing their men night and day to produce the guns and ammunition that must go with our soldiers when they come to grips with the foe, and throughout our land men have assembled by the hundreds of thousands to learn the trade of the modern warrior.

While all of our national life has been affected by our entry into war, we could neither hope or expect that the colleges should prove an exception. Hence, we look upon the sacrifices that our schools have made and feel a just sense of pride. Some of the choicest souls of our land are to be found within the circles of higher education, both student body and faculty. Many of these men hailed with joy the opportunity that they considered one of greater service and

without hesitancy quietly and unassumingly took their places in all phases of work necessitated by the course America adopted.

On the Jump.

A larger number of upper-classmen has returned than was expected, and even the Freshmen class is of creditable size. Figures are not yet available as to the complete registration, but the prospect is bright from most points of view for a successful session.

Football practice began before matriculation, and the prospects for a successful year in this sport are brighter than they were as soon after college opened last fall. The manner in which those in charge of our literary publications have gone about their duties should be highly commended. The business management of THE MESSENGER and COLLEGIAN is demonstrating ability as never before in our knowledge. If those who steer the destinies of the Literary Societies and other organizations not mentioned get the good work started on the jump, this year promises much in the line of progressive accomplishment for Richmond College.

College Spirit.

We are impressed with the fine spirit that has been displayed by both the upper-classmen and the Freshmen. The upper-classmen have been more sensible and humane in their reception of the first year men, and the Freshmen have been "fresh" men only in name. Of course, it is only natural that the degree of deference the Freshmen will have for those of higher scholastic standing will be directly proportional to the consideration the upper-classmen exhibit in their treatment of their new college companions.

In general, there is a better feeling and spirit existing upon the campus than there has been, this early in the session, since we entered College. May this phase of college spirit continue to improve.

Responsibilities of The Freshmen.

With our upper classes greatly reduced in numbers, the Freshmen may have a tendency to feel unduly important. We hope that they shall not follow this tendency, for it might lead to some uncomfortable experiences, and assuredly would militate against their greater usefulness to the school they have entered. We would like to see the Freshmen realize that they are just being initiated into a life that the other students have known for from one to four years, and that a certain amount of courteous deference is due these upper-classmen, because of their greater experience and attainments. The one big thing that we want to impress upon the new men, however, is loyalty—loyalty to fellow-students, to instructors and to Richmond College. In many ways this loyalty can be expressed. Let them come out for the athletic teams and fight for positions on them, let them support the College publications, let them take their places in the literary societies—in all phases of College life let them be true to the best interests of Richmond College.

It will not be long before the necessity of placing many responsibilities upon the shoulders of the new men here in school will arise. Now is the time for the Freshmen to enter into all phases of College life with the spirit of co-operation and willingness to learn and to serve. They will quickly prove their capability and larger opportunities to serve their school will be presented to them. Freshmen, we welcome you, and hope that your stay here shall be both to the advantage of yourselves and of Richmond College!

In common with other schools, Richmond College has given to the service of our nation some of her finest athletes, most brilliant students, talented literary men and most splendidly equipped instructors. All honor to these men and to all Richmond College men in the service of the country, humanity, and our God! We wish them stout hearts, strong arms, and firm purposes. But what of the men who have remained at school, and those who enter for the first time this fall? They are the ones who are privileged to keep the bright torch of

knowledge aflame, to obtain that preparation and inspiration that they shall need when they are later called upon to help rehabilitate our nation and a war-scarred world. Into their keeping the host of Richmond College men who have passed forth from their alma mater's halls have entrusted the fair name of the school they love. During these days there will be many in all quarters of the earth whose thoughts shall turn toward Richmond College, whose hearts shall be filled with loving concern for her welfare, and whose lips shall utter prayers for her guidance. God grant that their hopes may not be in vain, and may the men who are so fortunate to remain safe in the loving, nurturing care of their College-mother, guard her zealously, work in her interest unceasingly, and be loyal to her through and through.

Quality Rather Than Quantity.

Economy is everywhere being practiced as a patriotic duty and privilege. Not because it happens to be popular to practice economy, but because the staff feels it to be expedient., The MESSENGER desires quality in preference to quantity where both cannot be had. Besides being a better advertisement for the College, quality is more econmical inasmuch as the cost of issuing an edition of THE MESSENGER is directly proportional to the quantity, and bears no relation whatever to the quality. Contributors will please keep this in mind, and whenever it is possible to reduce the length of a long article without impairing its quality, they will do the editor-in-chief a favor and will increase the likelihood of having the contribution used.

THE BATTLE.

(A Lyric.)

I.

Peals of thunder break the calm,
The stillness and the quiet of morn;
Above the din, the smoke, the flash,
The shrieks of wounded in the clash,
The wond'ing sky looks down upon
The slaughter and the rage of men,
Who in their eagerness to slay
Rush in and perish in the fray.

II.

Once more the stillness reigns o'er all,
Save where the mangled humans crawl,
And rail against the hand of fate
Which brought on such a wretched state;
The sullen hordes have marched away,
Reeling as they onward sway;
Exulting in their fiendish art,
The grief and horror it has wrought.

—M. E. Cooper.

AS WE FONDLY MUSE.

"I know that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought
In time's great period shall return to nought.
I know that all the muse's heavenly lays,
With toil of sprite which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought,
That there is nothing lighter than mere praise."
—Drummond of Hawthornden.

ONE heard of the resignation of Dr. J. C. Metcalf from the Deanship, from the headship of the English Department of Richmond College with a curious sinking of heart. One felt with Lear "If you have poison for me, I will drink it"; and the classic halls of Richmond College became regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace and rest can never dwell. There was no redress: the separation was final; and sad were the thoughts of all at attempting to face new conditions without the presence of this beloved man of letters, without the sound of his delightful and melodious voice.

Farewell the tranquil mind! O now, for ever farewell content!

If the action had taken place in springtime when folk longen to go on pilgrimages; if he had taken his departure at the finish of an association which was decreasing in worth to students and in vigor of pursuit of scholarship, his selection of other climes in which to transfer his activities might be accompanied with salvos of happy wishes and good fortune. Nevertheless, he still possessed one equal temper of heroic heart, not made weak by time and fate, but strong in will to seek, to find, and not to yield. He yet remained, 'tis true, "the gentlest of men, most winning of manner, friendliest to folk-troops and fondest of honor," but his vitality, his interpretative powers, his sympathetic insight, his tact, his con-

tinual expanding range of encouragement showed no signs of diminution. His weapons were not losing their cunning, their strength. He still retained a sword of Spain, tempered by the ice-brook. And greatly must be deplored the going of our Decanus (ours because twelve years of possession produce a sense of belonging); greatly must be impressed upon him the sense of loss which is ours as we frequent scenes and places wherein he for years was such an integral factor.

"The One remains; the many change and pass." The work moves on even if the laborers drop one by one. Dr. John Calvin Metcalf has moved on to other fields. He has not reached the very sea-mark of his utmost sail; but with a sureness and a certainty he is heading to greater things, to larger opportunities—and our subdued eyes, albeit unused to the melting mood, drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees their medicinable gum at the entailed separation. We shall miss him—aye, sorely and long; and we shall think of him ever as one who, though perplexed in the extreme, decided to go from us, loving us with much the same love that we have for him. May the richest of blessings be upon him and his! His spirit will ever be with us, both in work and at play. And as the rising moons shall wax and wane, looking in vain for one who has departed from our College halls, has in his joyous errand reached his happy spot, we shall turn down an empty glass for him—Frater, usque ad aras—and silently drink a toast to his benigned and revered self, to the memory of his kindly labors on our behalf.

(Contributed.)

WHO?

WILLIS J. CARTER stood on the worn steps of his dingy boarding house and looked contemplatively across the dirty, noisy street. Before him the wagons jangled unmusically over the cobblestones, the heavy surface cars rumbled by, autos screeched, drivers cursed, street urchins screamed at their play, hawkers added to the din, and newsboys did their best to increase the confusion. His thoughts turned to the small but attractive bungalows which his company was so successfully selling in Park Heights. Just yesterday three or four had been sold, and, as he pictured them to himself, his only wonder was that they did not sell even faster. How happy he would be in one of them with—who? He jerked up his head and pulled out his watch. Two minutes to catch the elevated.

Having found a seat, the question again occurred to him. "Who?" Get married? The idea had never before entered his mind as more than a passing jest. But why shouldn't he get married? What pleasure was he getting out of life? True, there had been obstacles, but these had passed. Now he was in comfortable circumstances: a satisfying lump in the bank, a comfortable income, good prospects for the future, what more did he need to get married? But who? He raised his head and from across the car a word caught his eye. It was "who." He looked out of the window. A sign flashed past and a word seemed fairly to jump at him: "WHO." It began to haunt him. Wherever that word was to be seen, he noticed it.

As he was about to enter his office, he heard the voice of his partner raised in query, "Who"—Carter started—"took that dictation on the Throckmorton deal yesterday?" He breathed a sigh of relief. What a fool he had been to let that little word so haunt him. "Who?" He gasped. He must drive it out of his head. "Hopkins," he called to his

partner, "I'm going out. I'll be back in a little while." "You aren't in yet," laughed Hopkins. Dashing out of the office at top speed he headed for the nearest "movie." He would drive that troublesome word out of his head if it took all day. Which, of course, was exactly the wrong way to go about it. Heedless of the bills displayed in front of the theatre, he secured his ticket and hurried inside. Hardly had he seated himself when a subtitle was flashed on the screen: "Who?" Carter waited for no more, but departed abruptly. Once outside he pondered as to what he should do. Evidently the only way to get rid of that constant question which was pounding inside his head was to answer it. In order to answer it he must think, and in order to think he must have a quiet place. What place could be better than Park Heights? With this idea in mind he boarded the first car bound for that suburb, and proceeded to dream of the future.

As the car sped along, he amused himself by looking out of the window. Suddenly a card in a grocery window caught his eye. His body stiffened and little shivers ran down his spine. The card bore the legend, "Eggs, 60¢ per doz." He could hardly believe his eyes, but before he had recovered himself, he was again dazed, as the car stopped in front of another grocery store, by two more cards, bearing the words, "Fresh Butter, 48¢ per lb." and "Potatoes, 80¢ per peck." He began to doubt the advisability of getting married. Drawing from his pocket the morning paper, which he had not yet had an opportunity to read, he began to glance through it. On the third page an advertisement attracted his attention. It read:

Marked Down Sale! ! !
Recent Paris Models.
$125 Hats Now $50.
The French Shop.
Millinery.

Frantically he pressed the button and rushed for the door. The question was answered now. "Who?" "Why, nobody, of course!"

— F. R. Ackley.

KATHLEEN.

When I feel my life is dark'ning
With a deep encircling gloom;
When I think, with all my hark'ning,
I hear nothing thru' the gloom;
When it seems 'tis useless tough
To do battle 'gainst the world;
And that one desire to conquer
Is swallowed up in life's great whirl:
Then, as when the first rosy beam of day,
Penetrating, shatters the blackness of night,
So enters my heart a ray of hope, of light.
There, see I, lighting up the darksome way,
That one ideal which fain would I attain:
Her smile, Her eyes, Her love, Herself.

—Robert Hugh Rudd.

THE FLIGHT.

THE train sped hurriedly on; past huge redwood trees with heavy, outstretched branches, snug farm houses dwindling in the distance and inhabited by human figures, dwarfishly small; past landscape, valley and cliff. In its uncanny haste the train rushed past nature giving to the traveler a glimpse of the view, a blurr, again apparently the same view; and so on, in unceasing repetition.

Carrish sat in his comfortable seat enveloped in deep thought. Some times the lines of his face were drawn in long, reminiscent lines. Often the bare semblance of a smile flittered across it. He stared continuously out of the window outwardly taking in all, inwardly seeing nothing. At intervals he would start suddenly and rasly thrust his hand into his inner breast coat pocket, but when his hand came in contact with a heavy, bulky something, a sigh of relief would come from him. Again he would relax into the same posture as before, a musing expression crossing his countenance, and involuntarily chuckling. By this conduct he startled those about him.

Tiring of looking out of the window into what he thought was only a continuity of nothing, Carrish abruptly arose and went into the smoker. There he sat down, leisurely crossing his knees, and lit a cigar. Nonchalantly scanning the faces of those in the compartment, he was relieved to find they were all strangers to him. He smoked exultantly on.

The door leading into the smoker opened quietly, and in walked a tall, well-built man. He unassumingly took a seat across the aisle from where Carrish was sitting, and also began to smoke. The fumes of his tobacco filled the chamber, and the slight draft carried them directly over to Carrish, which caused him to cough, for some of the smoke had somehow gone to his lungs. When the coughing spell

was over, Carrish looked around to see who it was that had so destroyed his composure. His eyes met those of the newcomer in a long, startling stare. A haunted look came into them, and he cast them down before the blunt, pointed gaze of the stranger.

Carrish was certain that this man was following him. Three times he had purposely changed cars hoping to elude the man who had earlier aroused his suspicion, but it seemed his efforts had been in vain. Carrish arose to depart. As he walked it seemed to him that the eyes of the stranger were following him, penetrating from their depths of darkness into the very bottom of his soul, and seeking to read the truth there.

Carrish trembled as he took his former seat. The fear of sudden capture came over him and left him pale and haggard. When he collected his scattered thoughts, the necessity for action dawned upon him. No doubt the stranger had telegraphed ahead and already officers were waiting to take him. It was important to his safety that he should leave the train before the next stop was reached and then make an effort to quit the country by another route. But how? This was the question the answering of which meant so much to Carrish, and to which purpose he gave all his thoughts.

* * *

The southwestern section of this country lies in a most beautiful region, the Valley of S————. Here the grass grows in abundance, both winter and summer; and it is not the kind of grass one usually sees. It grows longer and has a greener, bolder appearance. In truth, this quality of freshness prevails everywhere in the Valley of S————. The climate is especially invigorating and healthy. For this reason many invalids and weak-lunged people make this district their home.

Perhaps it was the cool, refreshing air which caused the railroad switchman to sleep so soundly; and then he had been working very hard. At any rate, when he awoke the

sun had almost disappeared in the west. A deep rumbling came to his ears; and, frightened, he clutched the iron rod by his side, which moved the switch two hundred yards down the track. All his efforts to move the rod were useless; the train was already past the switch. The two trains—one headed north and the other south—were now on the same track, and a collision was inevitable.

"God, help me!" the unfortunate man cried, aghast, the seriousness of his error breaking in upon him. "What have I done!"

Again he clutched the rod frantically in an effort to stop the impending catastrophe, but in his heart he knew this would not avail. The brakeman was not a strong man, and he pitched over in a faint just as the puffing locomotive rushed past.

The trains came together with a deafening crash. It was like two giants attacking one another, both being destroyed by the ferocity of the onslaught. Above the din and the smoke came the shrieks of human beings, pitiful and entreating; the shrieks characteristic of those upon whom danger has come suddenly, unexpectedly and unannounced.

When Carrish came to he found that both of his legs were pinned down as if by nails by a large beam which had fallen across his ankles. As he stared dazedly around, the smell of burning wood came to his nostrils. The car was on fire!

The prospect of a death by fire made Carrish frantic. He tugged violently at the heavy wood on his ankles, and it seemed to him that his heavy exertion had some effect, for the beam moved; only a litle it was true, but it nevertheless moved. A few more jerks and Carrish was free. With a jubilant cry, the cry of a man who was laughing at death, he jumped to his feet. The broken window-pane afforded a good exit for him. There was nothing to hinder him now; he was free to go.

Suddenly a feeble cry came to his ears. It was a cry for help. He looked down, and almost at his feet lay the

stranger who had aroused so much fear in Carrish. He was pinned down by the same beam, but, unfortunately for him, the heavy wood had fallen across his chest and arms making struggle impossible. In some manner, however, the lapel of his coat had turned up, and pinned to the cloth there was a shining, glaring badge. Evidently this man was an officer.

The fire was uncomfortably close now, and Carrish could feel it scorching his skin. He started for his sole remaining channel to freedom, but again the same voice stopped him:

"Did you do it?"

It was both a question and a denunciation. Carrish turned from his position on the window and gave his questioner one long, lingering look. There was a smile on his face, the smile of a champion gloating over the vanquished. He made no reply.

With a jump he cleared the window. He rushed forth into the rising dusk with never a look behind. Soon the flaming car became only a light, a bright torch held up against the sky.

— M. E. Copper.

FALL.

(A Lyric.)

Bleak eve of fall so dark and drear,
Before thy sweep all nature quakes;
The verdant tree once full of cheer,
No music makes.

The leaves of every tree are brown,
The birds from all the shrubs have flown;
The cold winds blow, the dark clouds frown—
The summer's gone!

—Frank L. Montague, Jr.

THE SUCCESSFUL VAUDEVILLE SKETCH.

THERE are, doubtless, a goodly number of people who, periodically witnessing a performance upon the variety stage, feel that, should occasion demand such of them, the vaudeville playlet would be an extremely easy thing to write, and that it stands in no near relationship whatsoever to the ordinary drama. This idea, however, I shall endeavor to prove incorrect, for indeed the successful writer of short sketches must surpass in a great many ways the author of these three or four act creations.

As a mere matter of introduction, before we go into the art of this work of sketch writing, I think it advisable to establish just how important a position this sort of work holds at the present time in the amusement world, and just what is its outlook for the future.

Variety is the newest form of the speaking stage entertainment, and, due to far more reasons than it is easy to enumerate, has become the most profitable as well as popular field inside the world of names. The very word itself is just what is most desired. The human mind in the midst of its daily necessities grows weary of the same monotonous sort of conditions and ever seeks that which is different. It wants to feel, in turn, both joyous and dolorous, yet for not too lengthy a period in either mood. Therefore, while in the past tragedy was replaced by comedy, we now see that the drama of laughter has begun to fall lower in public approval than the performance of the varied nature.

While undoubtedly there are many people who prefer these first forms of the drama to the last mentioned, it is, on the other hand, with that vast and universal majority of theatre-goers we are now dealing. It is only a commonplace expression when I repeat: "The future of the stage, the world over, lies solely in this particular form of amusement." This is a too well known and acknowledged fact either to discuss or to dispute.

Seeing the position of importance which this field now holds, and will in all probability maintain in later years, we can turn once more to the subject in question—the sketch. In this lies that amount of seriousness which the human mind ever requires. True, the world craves amusement and candidly enjoys a vast amount of foolishness at a variety show; still, at some time a serious note has to be sounded. It is this mission that the vaudeville playlet serves.

Someone may remark upon the great number of inferior sketches now being perpetrated upon the public. Unhesitatingly this is so, but do they not stand in approximately the identical ratio to the sketches worth while that those failures of the legitimate drama bear to its successes? Of course, it is only of the real type of true sketches and of the larger and better regulated and patronized theatres, with which we are concerned; for they, as has been said, must and will direct the entire amusement world of the near future.

And, now, just what is a model sketch; how should it be written in order to be successful, both for the author and for the audience; what exact requisites must it possess; and is the common imagination that it is far easier to do this type of writing than that in the four-act plays, a true one? These are the questions most frequently asked, and I shall endeavor to convincingly explain and clarify these facts to all inquiring minds.

A model sketch is simply a story of real life, such as one man will tell another over drinks at his club; a risque story, for every risque story is more or less a drama in the small. First, it seizes hold of the hearer's interest, then, there ensues the proper amount of suspense; and lastly, the audience is kicked in the fall, as it were, by a complete surprise. These three facts are the vital points a sketch needs, and without them can but expect to fall short.

Now, as to how the playlet should be written in order to make it a success to all parties concerned. For the sake of the audience, the author must be absolutely confident of

his story and protective of his "point." He must make his work as nearly life-like and probable as possible, and as thoroughly easy and natural in its movement as he can. Too often the author starts off well, securing immediately the desired interest in his audience, only to cause it to fall flat later through neglect of naturalness, or too frequently by putting in the impossible. For the sake of the author, it is well to note that the audience requires simplicity above all else. He must make his ideas plain in the choicest, yet in the very simplest, language.

It is here, I should say, that the sketch succeeds the longer drama. In the latter there always has to be a certain amount of wordiness and of explanation, which frequently become boring to the extreme. True, the author of the drama must be as consistent in his story, still his various necessary side characters detract, cause lack of interest, and too often produce confusion. In the playlet, however, every line spoken must be condensed from at least ten lines, if not more; every word must be to the point, and one of most vital importance. All superfluous dialogue causes it to drag, and all extra characters weaken the interest of the audience. Above all else, the author **must** fully understand the various methods of effecting a novel climax, and must master himself in these methods and in how to use them. Only one incident can be related, a climax has to occur, and an anti-climax is more than likely to be utterly incongruous as well as distinctly weakening.

When the sketch is completed, if the author has followed these rules closely, then occurs the very important step of producing it. It has well been said that "A poor actor can spoil the best part that was ever written, and that the finest actor in the world cannot put life into a dead speech." Assuming the playlet to be one with the necessary qualities of naturalness, "snappy" dialect, and a novel sort of climax, we pass directly to the actors in question.

In each of this sort of play, owing to the limitation of the action, there can be hardly ever more than three or four

players, for rarely in life does there happen to be a crowd at any dramatic incident. Besides, the attention of the audience must be focused on the few vital characters, and all extra players are unneeded. These few acts should, therefore, be chosen more for their types than for their sheer histrionic ability, as in this field of work—where the motto is, "Show us quickly just what you're worth"—fitting personality is of the foremost value. One must not only know and feel the part, but in the bald prominent glare of a narrow front stage, he must actually appear to be it.

When the casting and the refitting of the lines to secure the best effect has been completed, then comes the final matter of booking the act throughout the country in the various theatres. If the writing and the casting have been carefully and properly done there is little difficulty in securing a successful appearance before a manager. He, in turn, notifies a booking agent, who routes the sketch for as long a period as it deserves.

It is, therefore, this shortened form of dramatization, it appears to me, that one with aspirations for play-writing should strive eagerly to attain and to perfect. Never has this been done successfully, and only in recent years has there been a rapid awakening of the authors to the vast possibilities in this line of work.

At the no distant expiration of the kinemateograph, people will, as never before, be more difficult to please in their insatiable desire for novelty, ingeniousness and surprise; and so I feel that the writer of the future must, through this medium, be made more alert, more true to life, more confident, more concise and far more powerful by applied concentration.

Long live the dawn of the sketch when once its sun bursts above the present cloud of timidity and mental lethargy, and may its sun brighten the chaos of confused and monotonous repetition and infuse new strength and virile originality into the ranks of the dramatic author of tomorrow!

A. L. Stratford.

A PIECE OF MONEY.

ID you ever examine an old greenback note with its corners all torn off, and so dirty and ragged that you could hardly tell what it was made of? Did you ever stop to think what a thrilling story that note might tell if it were given power to speak of its many adventures since it first came into existence in the form of paper? However great its number of adventures may have been, and however obscure its history may seem, yet a certain portion of its history is available by going to the Treasury Department at Washington, D. C. It shall be my purpose in this paper to tell how this note is made and how it is disposed of after it has served its purpose as money. During my employment in the government service I had the privilege, which is not granted to outsiders, of following the course of a piece of paper money through all the successive stages of manufacture, issue, redemption and destruction. To give this account let us begin with the plates from which it is printed.

The actual work of engraving the plates is never shown to the public. This is surrounded with the utmost precaution to guard against abstraction of the plates; they are closely watched day and night. The original plate itself is never printed from, but a replica is made of it for actual use. This is the government's device to guard against the possibility of being itself a counterfeiter of the currency. For, if an accident should happen to a plate, it would have to be replaced by a new one; and no matter how nearly like the original the new one might be engraved, it would not be the original, but a copy of it, and a note printed from the new plate would be a counterfeit.

The paper used in the printing of the notes is a peculiar silk-fibered paper made in Massachusetts. Its manufacture is a closely guarded trade secret, and the law forbids possession by others of any such paper or its imitation. It is

received in packages of one-thousand sheets. This one-thousand count, beginning at the paper mill in Massachusetts, is maintained throughout every department of printing, and is continued after the notes reach the Treasury. To each pressman one thousand sheets is given at a time. The printing is done on hand presses. Each sheet makes four notes, and a pressman prints five hundred sheets a day, on one side only. After being printed on both sides the work passes through fourteen departments; each piece of work passing through the hands of thirty different people. It takes exactly twenty-four days for a piece of money to make the round from the time it enters the printing department until the notes are sealed, numbered, counted and collected into packages of one hundred notes each by the automatic counting machine. An elaborate sytsem of receipting prevails, and at the closing hour everything is delivered into the hands of the custodians, and every count is verified before the force is dismissed.

We next come to the department of issue, where the quantity of currency finished each day is delivered, and is counted and verified by expert counters to determine that each package contains one hundred notes. This department handles about eight hundred thousand separate notes daily, the value of which is about five million dollars. The money is deposited in the currency reserve vaults, where it remains for two months or more. As one new lot is added each day to the vault, another lot is taken out for issue.

Here, now comes a break in the sequence of our history of the note, as it goes out from this building as new currency, it passes through innumerable hands in exchange for a thousand and one different things. We can only follow it with our imagination as it goes from bank to store, from poor to rich, and so on, until it finally finds its way back again, old and worn, to the Treasury Department, where it will be redeemed, and then as money no longer, but just plain paper, it will be destroyed.

In the redemption department old currency is received

to be exchanged for new. It comes in from banks throughout the country and from the sub-treasuries. At every stage the system of currency redemption is attended with precaution to provide against error or loss. For every old dollar received, a new dollar must be paid out; and for every new dollar paid out, an old one must have been received. To verify the count a force of expert counters is employed, whose skill is such as to excite wonder and admiration. Here, as in the other departments, the counters are women.

The money, brought by the express companies in sealed packages, is delivered to the receiving clerk, by whom, in turn, the packages, still sealed, are distributed to the counters. Each counter receipts for the package given her, specifying the amount it is said to contain. Having verified the count, she puts up the money in new packages of one hundred bills each, and on the manilla wrapper of each, at top and bottom, writes her initials and the amount. Then she takes the package to the canceling machine, which punctures four holes through it, two in the upper half and two in the lower. She then delivers the package of canceled notes to a clerk, who credits her with the amount received.

The expert's duty is not limited to the counting; she must also detect counterfeits and raised bills. Practice makes perfect; the trained eye detects bad money at a glance, the bill is stamped "Counterfeit" in letters which cut right through the paper, and is returned to the sender, that it may be traced if possible.

On each day the canceled packages of the day before are taken, each package by the one who counted it, to the cutting knife. This is a huge blade, which cuts the package in two lengthwise, each half still having the initials of the counter and the amount the package contains. The upper half goes to the Register's office, and the lower one to the office of the Secretary of the Treasury. In each office the half sheets are counted, and if this final enumeration corresponds with that of the first expert, the money is sent to the macerator for destruction.

The macerator is a huge spherical receptacle of steel, which contains water and is fitted in the interior with closely set knives, which, as they revolve, grind the contents exceedingly fine. The massive lid is secured by three Yale locks, each with its own individual key. The key of one lock is held by the Treasurer, of another by the Secretary. and of the third by the Comptroller of the Currency. Each day at one o'clock these three officials or their deputies, with a fourth one designated by the Secretary to represent the banks and the people, assemble at the macerator to deposit in it the money which is to be destroyed. Each key-holder unlocks his respective lock, the lid is lifted, the packages of halved bank notes are brought, and the macerator—a veritable hungry and insatiate monster—receives its million dollar tribute. The lid is shut to, the keys are turned in the locks, the machinery is put into motion, the macerator begins its revolutions, and the one hundred and fifty-six steel knives within are put to their work. Each batch of material is ground finely and more finely, until at the end of four or five days its maceration is complete. The committee of four then unlock a valve and the liquid pulp flows out, is screened into a pit, and is later rolled out into sheets and sold to bookbinders. Samples of the million dollar money pulp are fashioned into various forms of souvenirs and sold by curiosity shops. This brings us to the close of the history of our greenback after it has served its purpose as money. But suppose this greenback should be the victim of an accident during its public life, and should be torn to small bits or should be burned to ashes, what then would the end of its history be?

In a secluded corner, not accessible by visitors, works an expert in burned money, and in shreds and patches of currency, which would defy the skill of one less acute and patient. Her task is to unravel mysteries, to solve problems which are exceedingly difficult of solution. It is a work filled with compensations; for each new case makes its own appeal to her ever ready sympathy, and with every new

success comes the consciousness that some unfortunate person has been helped. There are restrictions upon the redemption of such fragments of money, the amount allowed being proportional to the pieces identified in such a way as to make overpayment impossible.

By looking at our paper money we cannot by any means tell how near it is to the end of its journey, because the moment it gets back to the Treasury Department it goes into the redemption department to be destroyed, regardless of how well preserved it may appear. To begin with, it is only a promissory note, and the monetary value is ended as soon as another has been issued in its stead, or the government has paid out its value in gold or silver, and it is for this reason that a great many people do not appreciate paper money as much as they do coin.

— Walter F. Martin.

SONNET ON WOMAN.

Puffs and frills and fleeting smiles so haunting,
Airy grace and beauteous face, subjecting,
Sparkling smiles—and honeyed voice inflecting,
Whispering low, the ardent swain quite daunting;
Ever changing; haughty airs now flaunting;
Meek and charming now, his heart respecting;
Fickle, wav'ring—praising, then correcting,
Often every charm and grace proud vaunting.

This is woman—yet I am not certain:
How can I in one short verse describe her?
Ah! Woman, what a tangled wonder is she!
Vague she is, concealed behind the curtain
Of intrigue; but love alone can bribe her.
This is just a hint, what woman may be.

— F. R. Ackley.

THE PASSING.

An Ode.

Thou'rt passed beyond: thy term of life is o'er;
The three-score years and ten alloted thee
Are spent and done. From mortal bourne to realm
Unseen thy spirit brave hath flown across
The stream with Pilot gaunt, grim twin of Life.
O mystery profound, to mortals sealed!
From cradle to the grave, what ken we all of what
Our origin has been or end shall be?
Life's source is clouded in oblivion:
Stern Destiny draws forth a slender thread
And weaves a web all frail and intricate;
Then comes the Reaper, cuts the tender floss
Which joins it to the shore just opposite.
The undying spirit, when released from that,
Its fleshly robe, forthwith it wings its flight
To space celestial, infinite and rare,
That Destiny decreed, since age unknown,
Eternally the soul should occupy.
Yet He Who guides the destiny of earth
And spirit realm has us most graciously
Endowed with faculty of memory.
So, then, thy soul, within its state of bliss,
With mine, yet in its earthly confines wov'n,
Shall happy communion observe until
The silent Reaper breaks in twain the thread
Which binds my web to yonder chilly bank—
The rest, in faith, let Will Divine attend.

—G. H. Z.

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EDITORIAL.

To Greet You.

A silence of three months is broken. Footsteps and voices ring out again at Westhampton in court and corridor.

The days of the returning were days of song, at least among the old girls. Newcomers, peeping from the shadow beneath the arches, listened and wondered. Up from the lake, mingling with the splash of oars, from overhead, alternating with energetic hammering, in short, wherever girls were, the same mystic refrain rose and fell tantalizingly upon unaccustomed ears; and so the new girls listened and wondered, for the refrain was no other than:

"We're here because we're here, because we're here,
Because we're here."

Since it is customary to announce one's presence thus, THE MESSENGER must have a song, too. The classic just quoted will serve the purpose, with an important change of pronouns, which results in the following version directed to the student body:

"We're here because **you're** here, because **you're** here
Because **you're** here."

Copy has been rushed in order to bring THE MESSENGER'S greetings as soon as possible to the 1917-18 student body at Westhampton College. THE MESSENGER is hoping that for each one the flowers of summer have not bloomed in vain, nor the offerings of the days of relaxation meet with rejection, but they live anew in the high spirits and courage with which you to-day enter upon College duties.

For Freshmen the day and the hour of entering College is momentous, and they do well to consider it so. To them, as they take up the white and gold standard of their being as a class, THE MESSENGER wishes to express cordial welcome, trusting that the period of adjustment may not be one of chaos and weakness, but one in which they may quickly discern their sources of strength, and become filled with both the joy and the understanding of College life in all of its real richness.

Is THE MESSENGER worth while?

The more clearly we realize the fact that America, our America, is at war, the more we realize (or should realize) the crying need for economy among individuals and groups of individuals. THE MESSENGER, too, must practice economy, but not economy by elimination—a commonly employed method which forgets the future. This mighty war has its lessons for us, and the great struggle is nothing if it is not thought-provoking. Institutions that have stood to us as symbols of immutability are being shattered. People are thinking as never before, on subjects they had never thought on before, along lines of thought so wide that they would be

amazed if told that it was the war in Europe that set in motion their brains and hearts. The minds of men and women are grasping strong and simple things, some of them fundamentals so old and so long hidden by superstructure that to this generation they are new.

Because people are thinking more, they are writing more, and the functions of magazines and papers are more than ever essential.

The foregoing remarks made vaguely about people in general apply concretely to people in particular at Westhampton. The pages of THE MESSENGER represent the play of our mental forces, reflective, imaginative, analytical, over all of our interests. In our stories, poems, essays and sketches we forget ourselves, while our habits of thought and natural impluses assert themselves unchecked by self-consciousness. Let the subjects be every day ones, through such the light of our ideals for sane, brave living may the better shine. Never forget that THE MESSENGER mirrors the things that truly interest you in preference to the subjects assigned by instructors. Any teacher of experience will tell you that marvel and consolation of all disciples of the pen, namely, that when one writes on a thoroughly congenial subject, tangles of syntax straighten themselves, subjects find their predicates without embarrassment, and trite phrases take French leave.

THE MESSENGER will be, further, a record of the growing of our interests. The more we think, and the more we express those thoughts, the bigger and better both they and the innate force of our personality will become. How we need that self-development at this hour of crisis! After the war great tasks await the capable hearts and hands. A French soldier of the trenches wrote to his younger brother:

"Small and unimportant as you may seem in this great France of ours, you owe it to yourself to do your utmost to make yourself bigger, and richer, and nobler."

When we remember this saying, THE MESSENGER is worth while.

What Are You Going To Do About It?.

Two conditions, only, are necessary to have THE MESSENGER. One is that THE MESSENGER box be kept full of literary contributions. The box has a sign upon it, and is placed conveniently on the way to chapel. The other is that the pocketbook of the business manager be kept full of paid-up subscriptions. The lady in question is Miss Elizabeth Tompkins, and may usually be found in the Day Room.

THE TRYST.

America, see well thy danger,
And pray to God.
Defeat? Invasion? No, something greater—
A nation's soul marred!
The soul of a nation; ah, great, pure,
But untried—Untried?
All our past would defy this, yet not past
But present decides.

America, into battle go,
But stoop not to hate.
Weaken not the strength which love alone gives,
Go, go—thou art late!
Thy purpose inspiring thee on, on,
For cause ever just,
Forth into battle march ever singing
"In God do we trust."

America, then know thy danger,
That thy love should fail
By one moment's erring to hatred.
Oh, you dare not fail!
Then not for victory thy prayer, but
For unerring love.
Forget not thy high, single purpose
And give for hate—love.

Fight, fight, oh, America, fight for
God and thy brother;
Fight to the end this grim war that the world
May know another
Never. Remember God calls thee
And dare even thee.
America, how holy thy mission!
Be true to thy tryst.

— "Eighteen."

THE JOB OF BEING A PATRIOT.

HERE are patriots and patriots, but we will discuss only three kinds—the talking patriot, the fighting patriot, and the conserving patriot. Of these, the talking patriot is most common. One hears him on the street cars, at the corner drug store, on the public platforms—indeed he seems to be everywhere. His voice echoes, re-echoes, and is heard yet again as the words flow more fluently from his capacious chest. His statements are frankly accepted—for they are the most popular expressions of public opinion. "Germany must and will be heaten," says he. "Uncle Sam should honey-comb that Russian army with our men, then they would fight. Just wait until the sammies get on the firing line, then we will see who is who, etc., etc." These are original opinions with him, but back in our inner consciousness we seem to have heard them before. Never does the talking patriot waste his talents by volunteering to enforce his opinions—he has dependents and cannot leave them on their own resources. Nevertheless, he continues to talk. It is an inspiration to those who can go.

The fighting patriot is the converse of the talking patriot. He is found drilling, doing guard duty, and on the firing line. He is strong, athletic, self-confident and—silent. He is the man of action. He is "doing his bit" towards fulfilling the thoughts of his silence and the opinions of the talking patriot.

The last species of patriot is the conserving patriot, and it is a woman. She is found in the kitchen, in the garden, in the marketplace, whereever there is anything to which she can apply her talents of economy and conservation. She mentally devours the Hoover bulletins, which arrive weekly, and with equal patriotic zeal serves her family with meatless and wheatless meals. Her larder is a model of economy. The calories contained in each victual, (together with the heat registered by the August thermometer) is just equal to that demanded by the bodies of her patriotic household.

But—here is the secret—go to the cellar, there you find in orderly array a veritable storehouse of the "conserved." Every kind of eatable one can imagine, from potatoes to pickled watermelon and cabbage—a delight to the housewife's eye and the hungry "inner man" of her husband, who, because he, too, is a patriot, says only silently, "Calories are all right, but I prefer the old-fashioned potato,"—is found there.

Yes, there are all kinds of patriots. All are "on the job," and the Stars and Stripes wave over all.

Lula Garst.

TRANSLATION OF HORACE, ODE XIV, BOOK II.

Oh, my Posthumus, how they slip away—
The fleeting years! No godliness can check
Their feet; grim age waits not thy beck,
And naught the mighty hand of death can stay.

Though thou should'st give with ev'ry rising sun,
Three hundred bulls, yet stern Proserpine
Yields not, who holds relentlessly
Geryon, huge of bulk, and Tityon.

Beyond her sullen waves—drear waves that we—
And thou, and I, yea, all who tread the earth
Must cross, be we of humble birth,
Or play the part of king right royally.

In vain we shun the steps of bloody Mars,
And guard our bodies from the raging wave,
Or seek our feeble selves to save
From pestilence, and 'void the evil stars.

We still must see Cocytus' sullen stream,
Black waved and sluggish, see the Danaid
Accurst, nor his face be hid—
Dread Sysiphus, to labor long condemned.

Thou soon shalt leave thy home, thy loved wife,
And all thou holdest dear; and not a tree
Of all thou tendedst faithfully
Shall follow thee thy master, short of life,

Except the hated cypress. Thou shalt go,
And in thy stead thine heir shall make him gay
With wine—thy wine, long stored away,
And spend thy substance, an thou wilt or no.

WHY?

"TOM, what sorter crop you think we goin' to have this spring?" It was a brown, weather-beaten, past middle-aged farmer who asked the question of one of the men gathered in the store which served as postoffice and commissary.

"Well, now, come to considering it, I do believe we gwine to have right good 'uns, Bill. The winter sure was cold enough."

It was not long before mail time, and, as was the custom, all the farmers, the storekeepers, rather diminutive in number, and even a few worthy negroes had assembled at the postoffice. It was one of the events of the day, that hour just after breakfast, in which all the male occupants of the small village of C———— assembled in grand consultation to smoke and chew, and spit and gossip, waiting for the mail. What letters were received were read first, portions aloud, according to the contents, and then came the arguments over the topics in the newspapers. All freely expressed their opinions on all subjects known or unknown, and each was heard and as freely subjected to criticism.

This particular morning spring was just beginning to make itself felt. The air, the breezes, the whole atmosphere seemed to be pouring out that lazy, lachadaisical feeling called spring fever. On account of the warmth, the men had ventured out on the rude porch supported by its beams of rough pine lumber. Some sat in chairs, others with their great rustic boots dangling over the edge, while still others leaned inertly against the beams and the front of the house. Even an old dog which had followed his master lay sleepily dozing in the dirt of the road, not yet bothered by his obnoxious enemies, the flies.

Soon the conversation began to drift from the incoming spring and the planting of the various crops to other sub-

jects. At first, they talked in groups, but soon Bill Mason became the center of interest by his question.

"Say, boys, what do you think of education now? Ain't I done proved some of your old ideas are bosh?"

"Now, Bill, I don't know as you didn't think just like we done when that young preacher first come here. Seems like to me, you put up a powerful big howl when your son begun to git them new-fangled notions in his head."

"Yes, sir, Bill! You seem to forgit that you up and said you thought we ought to get a new preacher, one who wouldn't corrupt the neighborhood's youths so, and you even said you had a great mind to git out of the church when the rest of the deacons wouldn't ask him to resign."

"I ain't quite seen yit that you done proved my 'old ideas,' as you call 'em, air so wrong after all." It was the pessimist of the neighborhood, old Sam Kenny, who burst into flame at this point. Up to this point, he had been seated, his chair tilted against the house, listening; but, now, he was awakened into speech. Relieving his mouth of some of its copious amount of tobacco, he continued: "You jest wait and see. Ain't but a year and three-fourths gone by yit!"

"Look a-here, Sam! You can't say nothing against my son and his manners so far!" Bill was up in quick defense of his son. "There ain't, nor never will be, any better son to his mother and father as my boy has been. You jest look at the way he done las' summer. Didn't he git right out of them city clothes and go right in that cow field and plough jest as long as I needed him? An' as fer education, he sure did help in that church report."

"I ain't said nothin' bout your son's actions so fer. I'm jest prayin' the Lord to keep him right. I'm only sounding the note of warnin' beforehand. I don't believe in all this taking our fine boys out of the country and sotting 'em down in cities to git larnin' so that when they come back home they turn up their noses at the home folks, or go back to the cities. I don't know any better work for a man to be about than out in the fields wid all God's out-of-doors around him

to worship in. Then he can grow big and strong and look like a man instead of a caged animal. I ain't sayin' your boy ain't goin' to be all right, but I'm jest sayin' that if he'd a-bin my boy I wouldn't have risked him. Hey, there, Jim!"

A young man came out of the store. He had been young Mason's constant companion before Mason had gone off to college, and even now the boys kept up an intimate correspondence. He was rather a handsome boy, with his frank blue eyes set in his clear-cut face.

"Yes, sir."

"How long before that train's coming? I've got to git back to my work."

"I heard it blow just now, I think. It was thirty minutes late, sir."

"Thanks."

The boy turned back into the store, of which he was the sole clerk, to wait on a few remaining customers.

The mail had come at last. There were only a few letters, and they were chiefly on business.

"Bill, here are a couple for you. 'Spect one's from your son."

"Well, bless my soul, if you ain't right. I didn't expect another this week. He always writes us once a week and sometimes more if he has time. This other must be from one of his professors saying what good work he's been doin'. I tell you, fellows, it's great to have a son that you can confide in."

Bill tore open the letter from the college's headquarters, and began to read. The others standing by looked on, awaiting the news of the letter, or read the newspapers. Those watching noticed that even under the deep coat of tan Mason whitened, and then flushed red. His lips flattened into a straight line, his eyes blazed. With a jerk of the hand he tore up the still unopened letter, and, flinging the pieces on the floor, he strode out of the porch and down the street of the village in the direction of his home.

"Well, what do you think of that!" one remarked.

"What do you suppose is the matter?"

"Great guns, fellows! Look at this!"

On the front page, staring each possessor of a paper in the face was: "Check for $1,000 forged by young ———— College student. William Mason, Jr., of C————, Virginia, forger of check, has been bailed out."

"Now, what's that I was telling about just a minute ago. Colleges ain't no place for a country boy to go to." Old Sam was, as usual, his calm possessed self, always ready to rub in his "I told you so's", often at the inconvenience of his companions. "Take this boy, as respectable a lookin' fellow as any I ever seed. Then he goes off to college, and as a result, you see, his bringing condemnation on his-self and his parents' heads. If he'd a-stayed here—." But the rest were too busy discussing the probable outcome. They recognized the character of Bill Mason as being of professed integrity, combined with fiery impetuosity.

"I tell you, I sure do hate to think of what young Mason's goin' to git from Bill when he comes home."

"Well, I don't know as but he will be doin' right," Sam added.

The news spread from place to place throughout the entire village, and even out into the neighboring farms. All waited in curious excitement the action that old Mason would take.

The bright spring morning had turned into an afternoon of warm, drizzly, dismal rain. A young man got off the train at the village of C————, a suit-case in his hand. Over his deep brown eyes heavy black eyebrows were contracted in a frown of worry and uncertainty, yet his lips were pressed firmly together, even until the red of them showed white. Without looking either to the right or left, he pulled his felt hat further down on his brow, and hurried down the road. Despite the quick decisiveness of his steps his shoulders were bent and his head bowed. He passed several houses without looking up. Evidently he knew where he was going. He seemed entirely familiar with the surroundings.

Occasionally a sigh would escape him, at which he would fiercely bite down on his lips, and, at the same time, his eyes would brighten until they glowed like live coals.

Still without looking up, he stopped at a gate, and began unlatching it. He opened it, and, closing it behind him, he walked quickly towards the house. Still he had not looked up. With his foot on the doorstep, he was arrested by the opening of a door, and looking up his gaze confronted Bill Mason's piercing stare. "Father." The boy dropped the suit-case, and pleadingly started towards him. In a burst of anger, the man thrust him off.

"Git away, you young hound! This is the way you use me. This is what you call college education. Education, go hang! Your mother and I have brought you up in the ways of truth and honor and you go do such a thing as this! Great God!! To think that my son has a yellow streak! Here you have ruined your family's name, yet you come back here to git your bread and teach the neighborhood such tricks. Get out of here, and don't you come around these parts any more."

Without awaiting a reply, he slammed the door in the boy's face. Dazed, he staggered down the steps, falteringly grasped his suit-case, and slowly walked down the path and out of the gate. Once outside, he stopped and leaned against the fence. Taking off his hat, he passed his fingers through his hair. He shuddered as the cold rain smote against his face. It had begun a steady downpour now, and it had turned colder. He put the hat on again, pulling it far down over his ears, and turned his coat collar up. What did it all mean? He was driven from his own home, and told never to return? Surely he must be dreaming, but the drops of cold rain assured him of the reality of it all. Why had his father acted like this? Had he not got his letter? Certainly, or how could he know? Then, evidently, he trusted him no more, and—but enough of that.

What must he do? Was there anywhere to go? Might not someone—. Yes, he knew someone who would still have faith in him. Jim, his old boyhood chum, would still believe

in him. Jim had always stood by him in the scrapes at the little country grammar school, and Jim would stand by him now. He smiled as he thought of his dear old friend and their sworn "palship," as they had called it, which would last forever. He could see Jim's big welcoming, country smile, as he would take him by the hand and draw him in out of the rain. God bless our friends!

Just in the act of taking up his suit-case, he saw the familiar boyish form come plodding down the muddy street. He would wait for him here. His heart warmed, and he half way forgot his sorrow as he waited in anticipation the joy of his friend on seeing him. Jim approached with head bowed against the wind. Noticing the man standing there he raised his head to catch sight of his face. As his eyes rested for a moment on young Mason, there was a look of astonishment, which in the twinkling of an eye, became an icy stare, a glance of non-recognition. He passed on. The impulsive movement of young Mason was arrested. He was standing, his muscles tense.

That was all that happened. So this was what the world calls friendship? This was that priceless gem. This was love forgotten. His father, his home and his friend—. With a shrug of his shoulders, and a sneer which curled the edges of his lips, he hastened towards the station.

* * *

Eight years have passed. Old Bill Mason and the other fellows still meet at the postoffice and smoke and chew, waiting for the mail. Bill is older looking than he should be. No one has ever dared to speak to him of his son. They know that he has grieved much over the shame of his son's action. They know that he knows that he was too hasty, but he is, also, too proud. Jim, now a grown man, has gathered with the rest. The mail has come, and Bill is reading the paper. He starts, turns red and then deathly pale.

"Look, fellows," he gasped, his throat dry, pointing to a head line.

"Real forger of check discovered. The ———— College student, William Mason, Jr., freed from all guilt. Mason recently was shot in a gambler's den."

Jim turned and walked into the store.

— Emily Gardner.

EIGHT YEARS WITH A QUILL PEN.

(Condensed for Publication.)

B. YEATES has contributed much to modern drama with his own pen, but perhaps his best work was done when he asked Lord Dunsany to write a play for the Abbey Theater. In response to this request, Dunsany wrote "The Glittering Gate" in 1909, and entered upon his dramatic career. From that time to the winter of 1916-17 Dunsany continued to write plays. At that time his literary work was interrupted by his participation in the European War. Before saying more of his plays, it may be well to tell something of the man himself.

Lord Dunsany's whole name is Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett. His family is said to be the third oldest in the history of the Irish nobility, he himself being the eighteenth baron of his name. Born in 1878, Dunsany was educated at Eton and Sandhurst. Then he entered the army and saw active service with the Coldstream Guards during the South African War. He is the best shot in England, a keen cricketer, and a good horseman. He is a very active man, fond of all out-of-door sports. He is happy in his home life at Dunsany Castle, which is in sight of the Great Hill of Tara, so famous in Irish song and story.

It is said that Lord Dunsany is the worst dressed man in Ireland; he cares nothing at all for dress. Even the pictures of him in his uniform have a careless, not to say slovenly, look. He is quite tall and dignified, proud of his lineage, even haughty in his appearance, but he is not a snob. He is an Imperialist, because to be an Imperialist satisfies his romantic sense. His point of view is that of a joyous child; he glories in his gods as a child in his first fairy story.

At the beginning of the present war, Lord Dunsany was Captain in the Fifth Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. At the

head of his company, he went to Gallipoli, returning safely to Ireland. There he was wounded in the Dublin riots, and had to remain in barracks for some time, recovering from his wound. He has now returned to the front, and is spending his time with the soldiers in the trenches.

Much of Dunsany's work is done at night, and all of it is done with quill pens. His work is not methodical; he works when he feels like it, and leaves off when he chooses; he is not dependent on his pen financially. He desires praise for his work, and wants the public to love his gods as he does himself; but appreciation comes to him slowly. His first book was published at his own expense. One of his most distinguishing characteristics is his intense eagerness in everything he does.

Lord Dunsany's book appeared in 1905, but not until 1909 did he produce a play. During the eight years from 1909 to 1917, eight plays came out in the following order: "King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior," "The Golden Doom," "The Lost Silk Hat," "The Tents of the Arabs," "A Night At An Inn," "The Queen's Enemies," "The Laughter of the Gods." No other modern dramatist has produced so many good plays in so short a time. Nor has any other living writer mastered a music, a magic, a harmony like that in his lines. His style is always both rich and clear. His style and his philosophy are both influenced by the literature of the Golden Age of Greece.

These general statements about Dunsany may be proved by an analysis of four of his plays, taking them in chronological order.

The first play which Lord Dunsany wrote is "The Glittering Gate." The setting is characteristic of Dunsany's setting—just a "Lonely Place"—anywhere, as well one place as another. Back of the Lonely Place is a granite wall, in which is built a great gate of gold, representing the gate of heaven. There are just two characters and a voice. The two men are both dead, and both have been burglars on earth. "Jim" has been shot dead quite recently, and "Bill" has been dead

for a long time (was hanged for burglary). Jim and Bill have been pals on earth, and now they try to force the gate of heaven as they have the locks and doors on earth. Jim is hopeful, but Bill is inclined to be pessimistic. He goes on with his fruitless task of opening empty beer bottles, while Jim works away at the lock, and finds it easy work. Then they both together push open the gate, and find themselves staring into space relieved only by stars.

Here, Dunsany shows man in conflict with the gods. The two men themselves call for no sympathy from the reader. They have broken both laws of man and laws of God, and their disappointment is just. If they had found anything beyond the gate, the play would have lost its strength. For such men, heaven has nothing in store. The play is purely imaginative; it has no emotional element. Dramatically the play is good. Suspense and surprise both have a place. The laugh of Nemesis off the stage is very much better than it would be if she were in sight. The dialogue is natural and good. The denouement is great. It is undoubtedly an extraordinary play.

The next play in order is "The Gods of the Mountain," in three acts. Here, again, setting has no part. The action is greater than the characterization. Briefly the situation is as follows: Seven beggars meet by outside the walls of a city. The "divine benevolence" of man has been made their lot especially bad. They plan to retrieve their fortunes. "Agmar" is the greatest mind of the seven. Someone proposes that they enter the city as ambassadors, or even as kings. Agmar, however, has a greater scheme—that they go as gods, the seven green jade idols of Mont Marma. Preliminaries are arranged, and the second act gives the account of their reception in the city. The third act tells of the coming of the true gods, and the fate of the pretenders. They are turned into stone.

This play is gigantic in conception. Five of the beggars are wholly physical, and utterly subservient to the superior intellect of Agmar. Agmar is all intellect, and has the limita-

tions of fallible human intelligence. "Ulf" is a prophet of the spirit, but he is mentally unable to combat with Agmar. His forebodings tell of the coming disaster. As long as Agmar is in competition with men he triumphs, but when he comes in contact with the spiritual essence, he is prostrated and ruined. The play has much symbolism, though the author is unconscious of it. Therefore, it is different from the deliberate symbolism of Maeterlinck. With Dunsany, the symbolism arises from the story; while with Maeterlinck, the story arises from the symbolism. Dramatically, the play is almost perfect, the plot being a model of unity, well constructed and unfolding gradually and smoothly. Character development is good; climaxes are perfect, especially those at the ends of the first two acts. The one fault of the writer is in bringing the gods on the stage. If he could have managed, as in "The Glittering Gate," to keep them out of sight, the dramatic effect would have been much greater. He fails to give the imagination full play—the imagination of his audience or readers. Nevertheless, the play is a masterpiece of dramatic art and poetic beauty.

After this come two more one-act plays. The first of these is "The Golden Doom." The scene is outside of a king's door. A little boy and girl have come, and the boy wants to pray to the king for a hoop. As he cannot see the king, he prays to the door instead. The little girl has made a poem, and the boy adds a little and writes it on the door. This is the poem:

"I saw a purple bird
  Go up against the sky,
And it went up, and up,
  And round about did fly.
I saw it die."

It is only a childish rhyme, but when the king sees it, he thinks it is an omen, and sends for his prophet to interpret it. The prophet tells him that his crown is the only fitting

symbol of his pride which he can hope to use in propitiating the angry gods; and so the king leaves his golden crown on the block before the door. The children come back, and the boy finds the king's crown, and delightedly rolls it away with the sceptre. The king thinks that the gods have accepted his sacrifice. A king's crown and a child's hoop are weighed against each other, and found to be of equal importance in the scheme of things. The play teaches a lesson of the value of little things; the gods may speak through a little child. It is well constructed, and is a masterful exposition of an idea; but, from a dramatic standpoint, it lacks action. There is an undercurrent of irony which may be found throughout—an episode of childhood against a background of royalty, simplicity versus majesty. The play is full of color and magic atmosphere. For sheer beauty of thought and of expression it ranks high among Dunsany's works.

"The Lost Silk Hat" is one of Dunsany's two experiments with a realistic background. The scene is a fashionable street in London, and the characters are such as one might expect to find there. The play is an amusing comedy in one act. A caller stands on a doorstep, dressed ready for the street, except for a hat. He has quarrelled with the lady inside, and cannot return for his hat. A laborer passes, and the caller tries to get him to go in and get his hat, but the laborer's suspicions being aroused, he backs out of the enterprise in an amusing dialogue. A clerk comes on the scene, and has the same proposition put to him by the caller, with a like result. The poet enters, sees the situation in its true light, and advises the caller to buy a bayonet, and join the Bosneans—where he can give his life for a hopeless cause and die immortal. The caller gets angry, and goes for the hat himself. All the romance is spoiled for the poet. The play ends with the return of the laborer, accompanied by a policeman. From beginning to end, it is a merry little play. The laborer is a particularly good comedy character. The action is not strong; for dialogue carries the play; each word counts, and the scenes blend easily, with the situation developing

naturally. "'The Lost Silk Hat' is no more than a trifle, a spark flecked off the emery wheel of imagination of the artist, but it is so perfect a trifle, and so brilliant a spark, that a more or less serious consideration of its merits is by no means out of place."

From these four plays, one may sum up Lord Dunsany's philosophy. Things that are far away make a strong appeal to him. He deals with a realm of pure abstraction. His gods are depersonalized, detached, impenetrable, and vast, but they bear no relation to man. His mythology is a thing apart. He has created a mythology all his own, and so he cannot be criticized for desecrating ancient shrines. He deals only with ideas, and sets his work apart from man and from life. Emotions play no part in his works. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that his women are few and unimportant. Dunsany's gods have nothing to do with the relation of man to woman—with intimacy, personality, or passion. Leaving out emotion entirely, he deals with states of mind. His art is that of one who thinks, rather than of one who feels. His works are highly imaginative, but have a solid basis of observation. Just what trend Dunsany's genius may take after the war is a matter of conjecture, but it is to be devoutly hoped that he may be spared to finish his work.

— Margaret Michie.

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The alumnae of Westhampton College send in this issue of THE MESSENGER, the heartiest greetings to the Freshmen and all new students of our alma mater. We welcome every one of you and rejoice that you are filling our places. We are anticipating great things of you, and we do not expect to be disappointed. To the old students and friends, we send anew the renewal of our acquaintanceship and good wishes.

We are personally interested in our alma mater and in the persons who are filling our places from year to year. You of the Freshman Class have four happy years ahead of you, days and months full of work of course; yet even the fun and those elements which complete the fuller life have a right to your time. From the very first, enter into the spirit of every phase of College life, and you'll be better prepared for your work, more eager for your recreation, and when you obtain the coveted prize, you'll be an all round college graduate.

Fellow alumnae, with a big pull, a strong pull, and a united pull, lot's join together, and make this the very best year for the alumnae department of the MESSENGER. Just send on your suggestions as to how to obtain this end. As lovers of the College and its interests, let's show what we really can do, if we do our very best.

Now, read the following notes, and see how you like them for news. If you have any information to furnish, just make it known, so that this department of the magazine which belongs to you may reap the benefits.

Four of the '15 class and one of the '17 class will teach this session in the Junior High Schools of Richmond, and are

situated as follows: Jeanette Bryce, '15, in Bainbridge; Louise Goepfarth, '15, and Ethel Smither, '15, in Bellevue; Mary Shine, '15, and Ruth Harris, '17, in Binford.

Constance Gay, '15, did graduate work in Spanish at Columbia University this past summer. She will teach this session in John Marshall High School.

Margaret James, '16, will teach music in a Junior College in North Carolina.

Kathleen Bland, '16, has cast her lot again in the Waverly High School.

Sallie Wills Holland, '16, and Ruth E. Elliott, '17, hold positions in the Jarratt High School.

Louise Reams, M. A., '16, returns to Virginia Intermont College, where she is professor of English.

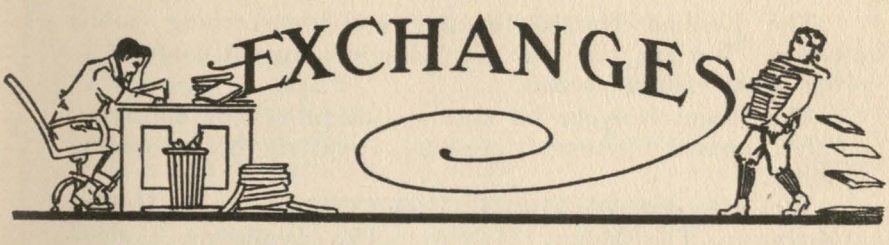
Gladys Holleman, '17, will teach German and Latin in the Wakefield High School.

Catesby Willis, '17, will remain at home this winter, and further her musical education.

Florence E. Smith, '17, will be principal of the Rescue School, Isle of Wight County.

Nannie Sydnor, '17, will teach English at Miss Morris' School, Richmond.

Florence Boston, '17, will teach English and French in the Warrenton High School.



LULA GARST

Every editorial staff, just as every army, has a "mule". And as it happens, the exchange editor is the "mule". A mule by nature has no gentleness and its kicks are uncompromising ones—they are swift and sure. That is as it should be, for a mule is expected to fulfill his role. The mule, too, must pull hard when his load is placed upon him. He both gives and takes—according to his talents. So it is with the exchange editor. It is her job to make sharp criticisms, when it is necessary, but it is also her job to take them when given and profit by them. The adage " Experience is a good, though hard teacher," is no less true than old. The editorial mule, however, is in a good humor this month. The joy of summer and vacation is "in her bones." But there is another reason: The RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER has been favorably criticised in several instances, and she can honestly return the compliment.

The Smith College Monthly continues to hold her prestige on our exchange list. The sketches and poetry show honest endeavor towards good writing, and it is a pleasure to read them.

The Wellesly College Magazine, though not large, is a good one. It gives us all "food for thought" in an article on "Princeton Verse and Ours." Read it!

The Hollins Magazine contains a number of interesting stories, but more poetry is needed to make the magazine complete.

The Lesbian Herald contains much concerning public topics. We are glad that her thoughts are not confined to the usual college themes.

The Mount Holyoke for May is a model college magazine. "Our annunal Filibuster" presents a variety of interesting topics.

We welcome Wo-Co-Ala, Bessie Tift Journal, Hollins Magazine, The Mount Holyoke, The Wellesley College Magazine, The Acorn, The Smith College Monthly, The Lesbian Herald, Mary Baldwin Miscellany, The Sweet Briar Magazine, The Focus, and The Tattler.